Samantha came over and talked to him for a minute. Then she approached Adam, who was holding a Frisbee. She suddenly backed him into another table and gave him a great hug. Adam patted her on the back with the Frisbee. He looked foolish. Samantha said she wouldn't be home that evening, she was staying at her Edward's. Adam didn't bother to tell her to go back and get her meds.

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Samantha couldn't sleep. Her "PRN" wasn't working. She wanted a dollar so she could get a coffee at McDonald's. If she could just sit somewhere for a while she'd be all right. Otherwise she'd go to St. Onan's. I gave her the dollar. It was worth a try, but after she left I got out her file. She stayed at McDonald's till about 9:30. She must have had a free refill. I saw her climbing the dark-varnished stairs, urging "Adam" to come on. Then she was at the office door. She said I'd better call the police right away. She was going to kill someone. She had an axe.

I'd spent an hour that day tidying up her room. She had a lot of laundry and the usual litter. The most dangerous things were the hangers. I let her into the office. She sat in Adam's chair beside the computer while I dialed the number. I handed her the phone and listened in the worn office chair while she told the operator that she was psychotic, that she had a lethal weapon, that she was a danger to herself and